

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,  
There is so hot a summer in my bosome,  
That all my bowels crumble vp to dust:  
I am a scribled forme drawne with a pen  
Vpon a Parchment, and against this fire  
Do I shrinke vp.

*Hen.* How fares your Maiesty?

*Ioh.* Poyson'd, ill fare: dead, forsooke, cast off,  
And none of you will bid the winter come  
To thrust his ycie fingers in my maw;  
Nor let my kingdome's Rivers take their course  
Through my burn'd bosome: nor intreat the North  
To make his bleake windes kisse my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,  
I begge cold comfort: and you are so straight  
And so ingratefull, you deny me that.

*Hen.* Oh that there were some vertue in my teares,  
That might releue you.

*Iohn.* The salt in them is hot.  
Within me is a hell, and there the poyson  
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,  
On vnrepreeuable condemned blood.

*Enter Bastard.*

*Bast.* Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion  
And spleene of speede, to see your Maiesty.

*Iohn.* Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye:  
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt,  
And all the shrowds wherewith my life should faile,  
Are turned to one thred, one little haire:  
My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy newes be vttered,  
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,  
And module of confounded royalty.

*Bast.* The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,  
Where heaven he knowes how we shall answer him,  
For in a night the best part of my powre,  
As I vpon aduantage did remoue,  
Were in the *Washes* all vnwarly,  
Deuoured by the vnexpected flood.

*Sal.* You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare  
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.

*Hen.* Euen so must I run on, and euen so stop.

What fury of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

*Bast.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay behinde,

To do the office for thee, of reuenge,  
And then my soule shall waite on thee to heaven,

As it on earth hath bene thy seruant still.  
Now, now you Starres, that moue in your right spheres,  
Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faith,  
And instantly returne with me againe.

To push destruction, and perpetuall shame  
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land:  
Straight let vs seeke, or straight we shall be sought,  
The Dolphin rages at our verie heeles.

*Sal.* It seemes you know not then so much as we,  
The Cardinall *Pandulph* is within at rest,  
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,  
And brings from him such offers of our peace,  
As we with honor and respect may take,  
With purpose presently to leaue this warre.

*Bast.* He will the rather do it, when he sees  
Our felues well finew'd to our defence.

*Sal.* Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,  
For many carriages hee hath dispatch'd  
To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrell  
To the disposing of the Cardinall,  
With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords,  
If you thinke meete, this afternoon will poast  
To consummate this businesse happily.

*Bast.* Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,  
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,  
Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall.

*Hen.* At Worcester must his bodie be interr'd,  
For so he will'd it.

*Bast.* Thither shall it then,  
And happily may your sweet selfe put on  
The lineall state, and glorie of the Land,  
To whom with all submission on my knee,  
I do bequeath my faithfull seruices  
And true subiection euerlastingly.

*Sal.* And the like tender of our loue wee make  
To rest without a spot for euermore.

*Hen.* I haue a kinde soule, that would giue thanks,  
And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.

*Bast.* Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull wor,  
Since it hath bene before hand with our greeses,  
This England neuer did, nor neuer shall  
Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,  
But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.

Now, these her Princes are come home againe,  
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,  
And we shall shooke them: Naught shall make vs rue,  
If England to it selfe, do rest but true.



## The life and death of King John the Second.

*Actus Primus, Scena Prima*

*Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.*

*King Richard.*

*Ioh. of Gaunt.* time-honoured Lancaster,  
Hast thou according to thy oath and band  
Brought hither *Henry* Herford thy bold son:  
Heere to make good s'boistrous late appeale,  
Which then our leysure would not let vs heare,  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, *Thomas Mowbray*?

*Gaunt.* I haue my Liege.

*King.* Tell me moreover, hast thou founded him,  
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,  
Or worthily as a good subiect should  
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.

*Gaunt.* As nere as I could sift him on that argument,  
On some apparant danger scene in him,  
Aym'd at your Highnesse, no inueterate malice.

*King.* Then call them to our presence face to face,  
And frowning brow to brow, our felues will heare  
Th'accuser, and the accused, freely speake;  
High stomack'd are they both, and full of ire,  
In rage, deafe as the sea; hastic as fire.

*Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.*

*Bul.* Many yeares of happy dayes befall  
My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege.

*Mow.* Each day still better others happinesse,  
Vntill the heavens enuiyng earths good hap,  
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.

*King.* We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs;  
As well appeareth by the cause you come;  
Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.

Cosin of Hereford, what dost thou object  
Against the Duke of Norfolk, *Thomas Mowbray*?

*Bul.* First, heauen be the record to my speech,  
In the deuotion of a subiects loue,  
Tendering the precious safetie of my Prince,  
And free from other misbegotten hate,  
Come I appealant to this Princely presence.

Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turne to thee,  
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,  
My body shall make good vpon this earth,  
Or my diuine soule answer it in heauen.

Thou art a Traitor, and a Miscreant;  
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;  
Since the more faire and chrishtian is the lie,

The vglie seeme  
Once more, the  
With a soule Tra  
And wish (so ple  
What my tong sp  
*Mow.* Let no  
Tis not the trial  
The bitter clamor  
Can arbitrate thi  
The blood is hot  
Yet can I not of  
As to be husht, a  
First the faire reu  
From giuing reu  
Which else woul  
These termes of  
Setting aside his  
And let him be ne  
I do desie him, a  
Call him a slander  
Which to maintai  
And meete him,  
Euen to the froz  
Or any other gro  
Where euer Eng  
Meane time, let  
By all my nopes  
*Bul.* Pale tren  
Disclaiming been  
And lay aside my  
Which feare, no  
If guilty dread h  
As to take vp mi  
By that, and all  
Will I make goo  
What I haue spo  
*Mow.* I take  
Which gently la  
He answer thee i  
Or Chiualous d  
And when I mou  
If I be Traitor, e  
*King.* What d  
It must be great  
So much as of a  
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